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Title: Tar Valon

Author: Azoth Malishar  
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Back in the early  
days of this realm  
when people were still  
learning their skills  
in sword, spell and  
anvil the world was  
undiscovered and new.  
Though much of the

mainland had been  
documented there were  
many islands that had  
yet to be discovered.  
This is the story of  
how one of those  
islands was first  
discovered and settled

long ago.

While many of us  
early settlers  
scrambled about the  
mainland hard at  
work on furthering  
our skills,

one individual in my  
guild was filled with  
wanderlust. He wanted to  
explore the seas and sail  
about in search of new  
things that no other  
humans had yet laid eyes  
upon. Sadly my old,

failing memory cannot  
recall this intrepid  
explorer's name but he  
was in the same  
guild as I was which  
was run by Shakkar.

Through a bit of

work we were able to  
collectively earn the  
coin for a galley for  
this intrepid explorer.

Just as soon as the  
ship was in our hands  
our eager explorer

rushed off to the  
coast of Skara Brae  
to set sail. Our  
explorer was relentless in  
his search of the seas.

On many occasions our  
explorer would return

from his long journeys  
out to sea and meet up  
with us at the guild  
house. There he would  
captivate us with  
tales of his many  
adventures as he  
sailed and attempted

to explore the great  
unknown.

His tales were filled with  
narrow escapes from the  
clutches of villainous  
pirates, near death  
encounters with angry

water elementals and  
frightening attacks  
from massive sea  
monsters.

The explorer also  
spoke of the quiet  
times he had at sea:

just sailing around  
in the peaceful ocean.  
He spoke of the times  
when he would just  
dock the galley and  
fish.

It was these tales of

peace and serenity  
that made the rest of

us long to experience  
the journeys of our  
explorer. At that time  
in Britannia's history  
there were practically  
no other boats on the

oceans. Meanwhile the  
rest of us struggled  
to stay alive in the  
increasingly dog-eat-dog  
environment on the  
mainland.

Then one day after a

long ocean journey our  
explorer came running  
into the guild house.  
The look of excitement  
exuded from every ounce  
of his being. After we  
had all gathered to  
hear the news he

exclaimed: "I have  
found a new island  
way out to sea!"

Needless to say this  
was wonderful news.  
We had just lost the  
safe haven of our

first guild house  
when one of our own  
was murdered while  
carrying a house key.  
Seeing a chance to  
escape the increasing  
violence of the  
mainland we quickly came

to the decision to set  
sail and build a new  
foothold on this newly  
discovered land.

Shakkar, Gabriel, the  
explorer and I quickly  
set sail for this new

land. It was a long  
way out and it took  
some time to arrive.  
Eventually though our  
skilled explorer  
detected the hint of

land in the distance.  
Not long after our

galley was pulled  
ashore and we set  
foot on the small  
island.

Though the island  
was relatively small  
and wooded, Shakkar

quickly ascertained  
that we could possibly  
fit a castle in the one  
large clearing if we  
could somehow raise  
the funds.

We knew that no one

else had likely  
discovered this land  
since no housing was  
built. However we also  
knew that given time  
others would certainly  
discover this beautiful  
island sanctuary and

want to call it their  
home. So we  
collectively raised the  
money to purchase a  
tower and a small  
house to place in the  
large clearing.

Then came the task  
of working as hard  
as we could to raise  
the coin to build our  
castle.

It took us several  
days of intense work

but we finally raised  
the coin. Tailor,  
carpenter, cook, tamer,  
blacksmith and  
adventurers all did  
their part for the  
cause.

When the time came

we carefully escorted  
our guildmaster to the  
spot. Our entire guild  
and a cadre of tamed  
dragons were there to  
safeguard the event.

Fortunately no one  
seemed to have yet  
discovered our island  
as the dismantling  
of the old buildings  
and the raising of the  
castle went  
unchallenged.

After many days of  
intense work our  
guild of virtuous  
Britanians finally had  
our island sanctuary.  
A place to escape the  
seething violence of  
the

called our castle and  
the island Tar Valon.

Then one day I  
found myself trapped  
in some sort of limbo.  
I knew not what  
had happened or where

I was and had no  
sense of the passage  
of time. Somehow I  
escaped this limbo and  
upon returning to  
Brittania found that  
nothing was the  
same. The world I

knew was gone.

Worse I could  
find no trace of my  
old friends. Perhaps  
they too had been  
trapped in this same  
strange magical flux

in the ether that  
trapped me. When I  
could find no trace of  
my old friends I  
turned to my

remaining runes in  
the bank. I spent time  
checking them out

travelling to what is  
now called Felucca  
searching for traces  
of my roots.

Not long ago I  
re-discovered Tar  
Valon. Other than the

outline of the island  
it didn't look at all  
the same. Marble  
buildings that weren't  
there before now stood.  
Many other buildings  
cluttered the island.  
And then I found

what I sought: Tar  
Valon. It is no longer  
a castle like we used  
to have but is now a  
keep. But it still  
stands on what is  
known today by many  
as Marble Island.